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Tommy Dodd song-book

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TOMMY DODD

SONG-BOOK.

Little Maggie May

The spring had come, the flow'rs in bloom,
The birds sang out their lay,
Down by a little running brook,
I first saw Maggie May:
She had a roguish jet black eye,
Was singing all the day,
And how I lov'd her none can tell,
My Little Maggie May.
My little witching Maggie,
Maggie, singing all the day;
Oh! how I love her none can tell,
My little maggie May.

Though years rolled on, yet still I lov'd,
With heart so light and gay,
And never will this heart deceive,
My own dear Maggie May.
When others thought that life was gone,
And death would take away,
Still by my side did linger one—
And that was Maggie May.
My little witching Maggie,
Maggie singing all the day,
Oh! how I love her none can tell,
My little Maggie May.

May heaven protect me for her sake,
I pray both night and day,
That I, ere long, may call her mine,
My own dear Maggie May.
For she is all the world to me,
Altho I'm far away,
I oft times think of the running brook,
And my little Maggie May.
[illegible]
Maggie sieging all the day,
Oh! how I love her none can tell,
My little Maggie May.

EMMA SNOW.

T'was down in Alabama,
Not berry long ago,
I knew a yellow Charmer,
And her name was Emma Snow.

Her eyes were bright as di'mond
Her teeth were pearly white,s.
An' de glisten in de darkness,
As de moon does in de night.

But de happy time is ober,
I'm full ob grief and pain,
For I shall nebber, nebber see,
My Emma Snow again.

used to go out
ohoe de sugar cane,
De time it passed so cheerily
When my Emma dear was see

And, when de work was ober,
An' de night it came again,
We danc'd and sung right gayly,
To de banjo's sweetest strain.
But de happy time, &c.

And de happiest heart has sorrow,
De brightest day has night,
I lost my lubly Emma
By de poison-adder's bite.

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

The Crock.

Near Castleblaney lived Mag. Delany,
As pure a chaney with Pat M'Cann,
Her situation was the kitchen station,
She'd beat all nations like Perk-a-pan,
She was good at farming at milk and churning
And every mornin'at 4 o'clock
My heart lay burning, to see her churning
I went to my murneen to fill her crock

Thenat nightfall it was so delightful,
To see them sit around the kitchen hearth
To hear her father telling that Peter Mullen
Beat the firey dragon at Ballygad;
Mag seemed frightned as if she might not,
She asked me home and share her stock,
My talk was useless, like a gander gooseless
And my prayers fell useless on her crock

thought such rallying and dillydallying,
Would not keep tallying with my slender purse,
Oneday at washing I stept in dashing,
And said will you have me for better or worse;
And bye she threw me as if she never knew me,
She said unto me you mad ould rook,
I got outragious and I on her gazed,
And by the powers of blazes I smashed her crock.

Mag roared like thunder she brought in her father,
I'd rather then see old Nick himself,
He brought in an alpeen, and he cries you spalpeen,
'Did you come here to break my daughter' delph;
But my story aised him and soon amazed him,
And Mag seem'd pleased with the funny shock,
To the church we hurried and there promised,
Id never more smash another crock.

'Tis the March of our dear Irishmen.

There's many a brave stirdy Irishman,
Who has follow'd his chief to the field,
Sworn to support him or die by his side,
A true man never can yield!

The bugle sounds shrill to stab and to kill
And great is the slaughter I ken,
In the north and south of America no doubt
'Tis the marching of Irishmen

Yes, truly they march, but each Irishman knows,
He may tread on the Shamrock no more;
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
But he rues the rash deed evermore.

The moon has arisen, and rugged's the path
Trodden there by the gallant and true—
And Magher, the hero, of them has said,
That whatever men dare they can do!

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond—
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
"So lone and lovely thro' this bleak way
"Are Erin's sons so good or so bold,
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold!

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
"No son of Erin will offer me harm:—
"For, though they love woman and golden store,
'Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more."

Oushe went, and her maiden smile,
In safety lighted her round the fortress isle
And blest for ever is she who relies
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride

Ho, for the swords of former times.

Ho, for the swords of former times,
Ho, for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for right they stood sublime,
And tyants crouch'd before them!
Ho! for the kings who flourish'd then—
Ho! for their pomp that crown'd them
The hands and hearts of free-born men
Were the only ramparts round them!

WHITE
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TOMMX

NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS

Tommy Dodd.

I had a somewhat easy life,
Like most men about town,
But still I must submit to you,
I'm somewhat of renown:
A speculative turn of mind—
It may seem rather odd—
I have a weakness, and it is.
A love for "Tommy Dodd!
I'm always safe when I begin,
"Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!"
asses round, cigars as well,
"Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!"
ow my boys let's all go in,
"Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!"
Head or tail, I'm sure to win,
Hurrah for "Tommy Dodd!",

town, now if you meet a friend,
You cannot let him pass.
Of course you must do something
You then propose a glass,
Now, if I meet a chum or two,
I nail them with t nod—
Propose for each a "full grown dose,"
But submitting "Tommy Dodd!"
I'm always safe, &c

You've no idea the run of luck—
Which I have found the rule—
attends you if you go in "hot,"
Do coursa remaining "cool;"
purse is just in case of need,
For you can ride rough shod,
dd live like any fighting cock!
If you're UP in "Tommy Dodd!"
I'm always sofe &c.

friend of mine three daughters had,
He asked me home to tea,
play'd and sung, when, by-and-bye,
They all spoon'd on to me;
couldn't court the lot of know,
For that would seem so odd,
So I propos'd that they'd decide,
By way of "Tommy dodd!"
I'm always sofe, &c

The Battle Cry of Freedom.

Yes, we'll rally round the Green flag we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
We'll rally from the hill-side, we'll rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
CHORUS.
The Union for ever, hurrah, boys, hurra
Down with the traitor, up with the sta
While we rally round the flag, boys, ra once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
Chorus.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And althou h he may be poor, he shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

So we're springing to the call, from the east, and from the west,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we;ll hurl the coward from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Childhood's Happy Days.

Of childhood's happy days I dream,
My home of joy and love;
Bright was the path beside th stream,
With deep blue sky above.
The soaring lark sang sweetly thhre,
Beneath the sun's clesr beam;
Home then was blessed by those most dear,
Of such a home I dream.

Oh! could I but recall those days,
And once more hear the voice,
Cheering me with its homely lays,
My heart would then rejoice
But if not, oh, then in my rest,
May mem'ry o'er me beam;
Filling my sad and aching heart,
With joy, tho, but in dream.

Down where the violets bloom.

The spot I seek at evening's close,
Where oft me met at yore,
A smile of sunshine round it glows,
Like that which Eden wore.
The gold flow'rs of the wild gorse tree
Like tiny stars, illume
The haunt of fairy, bird and bee,
[illegible]

The hawthorn bushes scent the air,
As rob'd in white they stand,
Like village maidens forming there
A happy bridal band.
As on the daisied green I lay,
Life has for me no gloom,
For sweetly glide the hours away,
Down where the violets bloom.

The Wake of Teddy Roe.

Near Limerick, that city of riches & fame
A brogue-maker died, Teddy Roe was his name,
The neighbours all grieved, rich and poor high and low,
And to wake with poor Ted, they resolved for to go.
Miss Delaney, Mrs Blaney, Mr. Fegan, and Miss Doe,
Who all went in the coach to the wake o Teddy Roe.

All bedizzened so fine, in their best Sunday clothes,
Miss Doe's squint eye, and Mr. Fegan's red nose,
At poor Ted's they arrived, where they'd oft been before,
And Dougherty gave a loud thump at the door.

Miss Delany, &c.

Now the whisky went round till they could not agree,
Who were highest of rank or of best pedigree,
And from words they fell to blows, just like Donnybrook Fair,
And among them poor Ted he came in for his share.

Miss Delany, &c.

Returning, a coachful of whisky and gin,
At home they arrived, and at length staggered in,
Such figures of fun, 'twill be said for their sake,
Sure never before were seen at a wake.

Miss Delany, &c.

The Fisherman's Daughter

I've been caught in a net by a dear littl pet,
And her eyes are as blue as the deep rooling sea,
She's a fisherman's daughter she lives o'er the water,
Shes going to be married next Sunday to me.
She's as rear a sh salmon, there's reall no gammon,
As sweet as srimps newly served up for tea,
My *soul* she has caught and a *place* I have bought,
Where the ray of bright sunshine for ever will be.

CHORUS.

And She's a fisherman's daughter, she's lives o'er the water,
She's going to be married next Sunday to me.
She's barefootted and pretty, she's lively and witty,
She sings her wild songs to the murmuring sea.
She'l dance on the sands, where the fisherman stands,
And join in the muse of a wild swelling glee.
She sits in her boat and sings o'es the billows.
And flirts with the spray like a sea skimming gull,
She laughs at the winds. whose revels are music,
And beats to the time with the streak of her scull.

And she's, &c.

The bells the shall ring, and the sailors shall sing,
Y-heave-ho, y-heave-he, boys for time's on the wing
To see pretty Sarah, the pride of the sea,
Who's going to be married next Sunday to me,
Her hair I will deck with a wreath of bright seaweed,
Fil plant in her bosom a bloom moss rose,
She shall go like a fay with swee tinkling music,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS.

He must have a Thousand a Year.

I don't think they wish to deceive me,
When whispering love in mine ear,
But the man that I marry, believe me,
He must have a thousand a-year.

He need not be handsome, he need not be witty,
His origin need not be traced from the peer,
I don't care a pin if he trades in the city
If his income is only a thousand a-year
I don't think, &c.

There's Johnson, he often implores me,
To marry, but he's such a bore,
Adolphus declares he adores me,
And he's very handsome, but poor.

I'm sure that I never could live upon potage,
Or anything common and meau, pon my word,
The very idea of "Love in a Cottage,
I always considered it truly absurd.
I don't think, &c.

Merrily, Merrily goes the Bark.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
They left Loch Tua on their lea,
And they wakened the men of wild Tiree,
And the chief of the sandy soil.

They paus'd not at Columbia's Isle,
Though pealed the pells at the hoary pile,
With long and measured toll,
No time for matins or for Mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away to the billows roll.

The Grand Piano.

Oh once I loved a blue-eyed maid,
Her name was Juliana,
She sits all day in her music shop,
And plays her grand piano.
She had an elegant grace, and an angel' face,
And a waist you could nearly span he
As she diddle and dadled some beautifu tunes,
Upon her grand piano.

CHORUS.

Oh, hi, ho, I lost my Juliana,
She got such a way to sit and play
Upon her grand piano.

The first time that I saw my love,
She set my heart in a flutter,
And oh, my heart beat livelier.
As I rolled slap in the gutter.
When I arose, half smothered in mud,
In a very peculiar manner,
For to hear her play St. Patrick's Day
Upon her grand piano.
Oh, hi, ho, &c.

Half maddened with love, with my turtle dove,
I through the instrument dash,
And idn't I fall into the shop with such an infernal crash.
In my arms I seized, to my breast I squeezed,
My lovely Juliana,
When strange to tell, right down I fell,
And smashed her grand piano.
Oh, hi, ho, &c.

Then five policemen collared me,
And marched me off to jail,
Where I was fined five hundred pound,
To be paid upon the nail,
"It's here," replied a voice behind
When I turnin round to scau,
To my great surprise I met the eyes
Of my glorious Juliana.
Oh, hi, ho, &c.

Soon after this I married her,
And made her my dear wife,
My Juliana now she is—
A lovely little wife.
dreasem but sit a t home,
nurs, as young Diana,
While she allday does sport and play
Upon her grand piano.
Oh, hi, ho, &c.

The Bells keep ringing for Sarah.

I'm what is termed a domestic,
Or, as some people say, servant gal,
By my missus I'm alwayl called Sarah,
Though for shortness, some folks call me Sal;
I'm slrvey at a house round the corner,
I find my own sugar and beer;
I'm a duing from morning to midnight,
Aud I only get eight pounds a year.

CHORUS.

For the bell it keepe ringing for Sarah, for Sarah for Sarah;
The bells keeps ringing for Sarah,
For Sarah, tne whole of the day.

My Master's engaged in the city,
He gets a hundered and fifty a-year,
Ey Misses comes out like a dutches,
How she dose it its not very clear:
We give parties and suppers surtrisitg,
Like people that's ever so grand;
While haft to wait for my wages—
That's just what I cannot understand.

SPOKEN:—But them folks that do the grand to such an extent, ain't particular about "duing" other people as well, Why, there's the Butcher calling for his money tois six months but I musu run.
For the bell, &c.

My missus boasts of her relations,
Says her grandmama's pa was a judge;
Lord Rough and Lady Fluff, her ninth cousins;
'Twixt us and the lamp-post that's fudge,
She says her connections are high—
I don't know about that I'm sure—
The funds are not far, without a lie,
Folks for. their money come so to our door

SPOHEN—Yes, every minute of the day I have to run up or down to that door and say master or missus ain't at home, and we'll send round the money—
For the bell, &c.

The only day I have any quiet,
Sunday, that is, when I can,
I [illegible] run out for an he
Then off I goes with my young man.
I'd have you know he's a policeman,
He talks in a manner sublime;
I with Sunday came ev'ry day,
For I eave to be indoors by nine.

SPOKEN.—And if I come home one moment after—
The boll, &c.

I'm both laundrymaid, housemaid, and cook,
The work that I do is no joke,
I'm ruug for from the top of the house,
To the bottom the fire to poke,
For my missus sits reading her novels,
In a lauguishing sort of manner;
Or, when tired, by way of a chung
She"ll thump away at the pianne.

SPOKEN.—Yes she just thump most awful and spiteful at the pianner; she says its a Broadwood, but as it iso't paid for, I shoudn't wonder if it was Collard and Collard, before long.—
For the bell, &c.

COMMENCE YE DARKIES ALL.

White folks I'm going to sing,
A song that am quite new,
Of myself and banjo string,
An' you, an yeu, an you,
O, Sam! don't laugh, I say,
Our strings will keep in tune;
Just listen, while de fiddle play,
For the white folks round de room.

Chorus.

Den commence ye darkies all,
As loud as you can bawl.

Commence ye darkies all to-nigh
Touch light the banjo string,
And rattle de old jaw-bone;
Oh! merrily sound de tamborine,
And make de fiddle hum,
Oid dad, de way denn bones will shake,
I'm a caution to all living niggers,
An' a death to rattle snakes.
Den commence, &c.

Oh! for a piano or guiter,
I hear a fair one cry;
But when I hear dese instruments,
I think I like to die;
I does—I could lay me down to rest,
For music hab such melodious sounds,
To soothe the darkey's breast.
Den commence, &c.

The Young Recrute.

See the ribbons gaily streaming,
I'm a soldier now Lizette,
Yes, of battle I am dreaming,
And the honours I shall get,
With a sabre by my side,
And a helmet on my brow,
And a proud great steed fo ride,
I shall rush on the foe,
Yes, I flatter me, Lizette,
'Tis a life that well will suit,
The gay bride of a young recruit.

Wes hall march away to-morrow,
At the breaking of the dy;
And the trumphet will be sounding,
And the merry cymbals play:
Yet before I say good-bye,
And a last sad parting take,
As a proof of all your love,
Wear this gift for my sake,
Then cheer up my own Lizette,
Let not grief your beauty stain,
Soon youll see the recruit again.

Shame, Lizette to still be weeping,
While theres fame in store for me
Think when home I am returning
What a joyful day it will be;
When to church you're fondly led,
Like some lady smartly drest,
And a hero yeu shall wed,
With a medal en his breast!
Ha! there's not a maiden fair,
But with welcome will salute,
The gay bride of a young recruit

The Rocky Road to Dixey.

There is a land where cotton grows,
That's where milk and honey flows,
away down South to Dixie,
For I'm going home.

CHORUS!

I have no time to tarry,
I have no time to stay,
It's a rocky road to travel,
To Dixie far away.

Dixie land is the place for me,
The niggers down there all are free,
away down south to Dixie,
For I'm going home.
I have no time to tarry, &c.

My mother and my sister, dear,
When I left home they shed a tear,
away down south to Dixie,
For I'm going home.
I have no time to tarry, &c.

Now white folks, I'm going away,
I'll call again some other day,
away down south to Dixie,
For I'm going home.
I have no time to tarry, &

Happy are we Nigger's so Gay

Happy are we Niggers so joyous and gay,
Come let us sing, and laugh while we play,
We Nigger minstrels' favourite lay,
With my yo Ha! Ha! Ha! and laugh whi
we play.

CHORUS:—
Then hark the bones rattle,
Girls hold your prattle,
Whilst I on the Banjo,
Will merily play.

We' laugh and sing, while the banjo do play
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
We'll laugh and sing, while the banjo do play
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

The song that we'll sing, the chorus are fine
When with the musie, onr voices combine,
Come then let us sing our favourite lay,
We'll laugh and we'll sing, while the banjo
will play.
Chorus:—Then hark &c.

Now Nigger minstrels, at night we shine,
ouh methtambo and bones and banjo combin
C ihle on let us sing, our favourite lay,
WNo the banjo will cheerfully play

Carry your Friend in your Pocket.

Don't say it's right, but there's a saying quite trite,
If you've goodness at least 'twill shock it,
It's that selfish expression, "Mind number one,
And carry your friend in your pocket."

Tis a palpable fact, and requiring great tact,
Grim poverty's inroad to block it,
For friendship's all fudge, and of that you may judge,
haven't a rap in your pocket.

Whilst you're young and in health, by industry gain wealth,
Your coffer you'll very soon stock it,
After that you can go and be scraped and bowed to,
As they know you've a friend in your pocket.

When tis known you have cash, why the veriest trash
You utter, goes off like a rocket,
You're a "brick," tho' a stick, and are flattered till sick,
Thro' the friend you've got in your pocket

But be poor and in want, and just ask for a loan,
The need you set forth they oft mock it,
And say "I'm so short," or "really I can't,"
Or "I haven't as much in my pocket."

They say tis no sin, to be wanting in tin,
The nerve of those needy, 'twill shock it,
So where'er you may roam, abroad or at home,
your only true friend

Her Bright Smille Haunts me Still.

'Tis years since last we met,
And we may not meet again,
I have struggled to forget,
But the struggle was in vain;
For her voice lives on the breeze,
And her spirit comes at will;
In the midnight, on the seas,
Her bright smile haunts me still.
For her voice, &c.

At the first sweet dawn of light,
When I gaze upon the deep,
Her form still greets my sight,
While the stars their vigils keep.
When I close mine aching eyes,
Sweet dreams my senses fill,
And from sleep when I arise,
Her bright smile haunts me still,
When I close, &c.

I have sailed 'neath alien skies,
I have trod the desert path,
I have seen the storm arise,
Like a giant in his wrath;
Ev'ry danger I have known,
That a reckless life can fill,
Yet her presence has not flown,
Her bright smile haunts me still.
Ev'ry danger, &c.

The Young Rose.

The young rose which I gave thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night
Who oft by the moonlight o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.
Oh! take thou this young rose, and let her life be,
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee;
For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.